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CHILDREN.

It is a bad world, we say, this world of men: full of evils of all sorts and sizes; overrun with selfishness and its prolific brood; with falsehood in infinitely various shapes; teeming with acts of brutal violence; with shames of too black a dye to bear shewing in the open daylight, or reporting in any phrase, however euphonious; with frauds conceived with the most refined craftiness, and carried out through years and years with the utmost patience; a world of wars, and despots, and slaves; of foolish customs and harmful traditions, and institutions from which the life has long departed; and of innumerable sorrows, disappointments, and miseries. It is all this, and more. Hardest words of philosopher, moralist, and preacher about it are only too fully justified.

Still, here are *children* in it. I find immense comfort in this fact. It inspires hope, and sustains faith. The world is not a hard, fixed, inorganic mass—not a crystal, to be for ever what it is to-day; but a fluent, plastic, organic body, changing, growing, living. It is not a rock, but a tree, or forest of trees. From the earliest ages, we have poet-voices uttering what poet-eyes discerned—the beautiful analogy between the existence of the race of man in its successive generations, and the life of trees with their regularly recurring changes. Homer touched this theme in brief pathetic lines, and Hebrew prophets, with highest and most solemn purpose, touched it too.

The analogy is to some extent obscured by a difference. The leaves have their seasons in orderly succession; they appear at the same time, grow together, together begin to fade, and at last fall silently and contemporaneously to the ground; and the brown bare trees stand all alike through the wintry weather till another spring-time. With the race of man, it is not so. On the broad scale of the world, there is no visible succession of seasons and corresponding changes, but all seasons are synchronous, all possible changes are actually taking place at the same time and at all times. In the life of the human race, it is always summer—always autumn or fall—always winter—and, joy for it, always spring. Open blossoms, ripe fruit, sere and yellow leaf, bare branches—you may see them all at the same time; and also, with them, everywhere, the multitudinous beautiful fresh *buds*—the *children* of men.

I am astonished when I set myself to consider the large proportion these children form of the whole population of the earth. The census of Great Britain in 1851 tells me that on the 31st of March in that year, of the 21,000,000 peopling Great Britain and the islands of the British seas, there were above 2,700,000 children under five years of age, above 2,440,000 aged five and under ten years, and above 2,245,000 aged ten and under fifteen years.

In what an amazing variety of aspects these children present themselves to us. How they charm us, amuse us, irritate us, attract our love, excite our pity, our anger, and our wonder. It would be easy to write a volume—no dull one either—about the ways, manners, and customs of children at home; taking in all ages, from little 'engaging' Missy in her second year, up to her biggest brother of fourteen or fifteen, just on the point of quitting school and boyhood for the office, warehouse, or farm, and young manhood.

Inarticulate prattle of a happy baby awake and stirring in its narrow bed at early morning, how charming it is! It makes me happy to lie and listen to that sweet music. What thoughts, or fancies, or sensations try to express themselves thus? How can I even imagine what they are? The glad, swift rush of a cluster of children to meet Father in the street, or at the garden-gate, the moment they catch sight of him—that is a sight worth seeing. It always moves me, though I have been touched by it a hundred times. Burns has lovingly depicted such a scene with a few vivid strokes in his *Cotter's Saturday Night*:

Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher thro'
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.

How charming the still wonder in a child's face when listening to something it only half apprehends from lips it loves. It is a wonder that begets a deeper wonder in me. Beautiful, too, is the absorbing joy of children in their games and pastimes, whether quiet ones indoors, or noisy and exciting ones out of doors. A little girl, with a serious face, busily dressing her doll; a boy gravely constructing some tiny mimic machine; a group of little ones listening to a fascinating fairy tale read aloud by an elder one, or pressing very close at father's knee to look at the pictures he shews them, and listen to his tales about them: we may go far, and not look on prettier sights than these.

Noteworthy is the strong propensity of children to feigning and mimicry in their sports; what they call 'playing at being' some one, or at doing something. Their liveliness and fertility of imagination enables them to surround themselves at any time with fictitious circumstances, and get joy out of them as if they were actual. An old stick is a horse, a doll is a baby, a few chairs will make a parlour or an omnibus—one child is the driver, another the conductor, others passengers; and so on, with endless variations. Instinct leads to dramatic representation. You may find in any nursery plainest and pleasantest illustration of Bacon's assertion, that 'the mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure.' Seeing how the case is there, in that small world, will help us to see, and incline us to admit the stern truth with reference to the large world. It would be cruel and unnatural, were it even possible, to rob children of this faculty of invention and shamming, and to narrow and confine their lives and enjoyments within the four bare walls of fact. Do the majority of men and women remain children in this respect; and is it possible for more than a very few in a generation to rid themselves of 'vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like,' and walk bravely in the open daylight of truth on the firm ground of fact? The world is much like a vast nursery, not only by reason of the multitudes of children it contains, but yet more by reason of the resemblances in a thousand points of its men and women to children.

Children charm and amuse us, but not always. Skies are not always bright, smoothest seas may be roused and ruffled by storms, and prettiest little faces may be made ugly with evil passions. For the smile, you get a frown; for the pretty talk, a scream; for the tender caress, a repulse and a rebellion. Quarrels break out, as they do among birds in their little nests, and with the same excuse—'tis nature. Sometimes a love of wilful mischief shews itself in very provoking forms, and sometimes a stiff, almost unmanageable obstinacy. Few things surprise me more than the power of resistance to authority which a very young child occasionally exhibits. The new creature thus asserts itself as a solid atom of being, which cannot, and ought not to be crushed and annihilated. Small stature and puny strength, which we measure and compare with our own loftiness and might, the child is not in the least conscious of, and it 'shews fight,' as if it met only its equals. A certain amount of experience is necessary to teach a child its proper place and its limited power, and to reconcile it thereto.

The hubbub and confusion of a nursery brawl are strangely disproportioned to its occasion and subject. Notwithstanding the experience of fifteen years or more, I am even now startled when I go to learn what it is all about. It is hard to believe what they tell me. The possession of a bit of wood or a bent pin; of a fragment of paper or rag; of a place at the table; the loss of a 'turn' in some pleasure, and a thousand similar nothings, become daily in that world the *casus belli*. Nevertheless, in order to be wholly just, it is needful to lay aside, as inapplicable, our elderly estimates of things, and for the occasion accept the children's own, entering as far as possible into their feelings, and then passing sentence as wisely as we can.

It is only just to them to remember that if they find quarrel in trifles, it is in trifles also that they find their happiness. Every day abounds with instances of this, just as fit to move our wonder as the quarrels are. To see small eyes brighten, and lips part with a smile, and hearts beat high merely for sudden gladness at some trifling gift, or at the promise of some small pleasure—to me there always seems something strangely *pathetic* in it. But, indeed, the whole life of children is occupied with what we have

grown to call trifles, and what they will one day call so, but cannot yet. Is it otherwise with millions of their elders? At every step of my observation of children, I start to see shadowed forth the ways of men!

Almost intolerably painful is the contrast presented between children in our well-ordered and comfortable homes, and children in the wretched dwellings of the poorest poor, and in the streets, lanes, and courts where they crowd together. Glimpses of them in Baldwin's Gardens, Gray's Inn Lane, in Bethnal Green, or in the districts about Stepney, Hackney, and Shadwell, as you glide over the network of obscure streets below the North London Railway, might sadden you for a year. Bareheaded, with shaggy, uncombed hair; barefooted, half-clothed in rags, unwashed, with fierce defiant eyes, and harsh, unintelligible voices—these boys and girls look like anything rather than the *hope* of the world. I do not know if there be in the world a more repulsive spectacle than that; and yet, and yet I know that it ought to be looked on and thought of with an infinite pity. One lovely Sunday afternoon, last summer, I saw a large muster of boys of that lowest and most degraded class in one of the charming green fields between Kentish Town and Highgate Hill. They had come out to see a fight, the combatants being two of their own number. The fight was held in the shade of noble hedgerow elms, and the dense crowd—a circular dark mass, rising only three or four feet from the grass—swayed to and fro, opened and closed, was noisy and silent in turn (the speech was *not* silvery, nor the silence golden), absorbed in the excitement of the struggle, till some passing peacemaker hastened up, and striding straight into the midst of them, not by persuasive words, but by sheer manly dignity and authority, broke up and scattered them like chaff. Children such as these are capable of the grossest cruelty, and find sport in it. They can torture a cat, or stone a donkey on the heath, or mob a poor idiot through the village street, and all with coarse jests and brutal laughter. That the criminal class is partly made up of children, is one of the saddest facts and one of the hardest to deal with. All honour to those noble-hearted men and women who bravely venture and descend into the 'low places' of society, full as they are of cruelty and all hideous things, in the hope of doing something towards a change for the better, and of lifting up some human souls into the light of heaven, the love of God. They are rendering a service of the best kind, and merit praise that we want language to express.

Large as the space is which children fill in the outward world, they fill, perhaps, a larger in the world of mind and heart. The amount of thought, attention, care, hope, ambition, fear, constantly called forth and exercised about them, is immense. A very large proportion of the daily work of the world, whether in the house or out of it, has direct reference to children; a still larger proportion, probably, is done for their sake, and, but for them, would not be done at all. Lord Bacon has said, but we are not bound to believe him, that wife and children are 'impediments to great enterprises,' and that the 'best works and of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men.' I fancy, from what he says immediately after, that he was not wholly satisfied with his own theory. It is unquestionable that children hold a place and exert an influence with respect to the work of men, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated. Seen from the highest point of view, all real work turns to the world's account; he who *works most*, whether aiming at private or public ends, actually serving the world most. According to that sublime and consoling conception of the human race presented by Fichte in his *Vocation of the Scholar*, 'A community in which no one can labour for himself without at the same time labouring for his fellow-

men, or can labour for others without also labouring for himself, where the success of one member is the success of all, and the loss of one a loss to all.

But children are not only occasion and incentives to work, they are also workers, and form no inconsiderable part of the great army of workers; not, indeed, in the higher classes of society, where the possession of wealth prevents the necessity of employing them in mere day-labour, and leaves to them, through the entire period of childhood, and beyond it, leisure for, and means of, cultivation and preparation for subsequent work in the higher fields. But in the middle and lower ranks of society, children are early set to work, and the lower the rank, the earlier they begin. Some work at home; the busy mother is only too glad to have the help of smallest hands in many house affairs, and very early the use of the needle must be learned, and the care and even instruction of the younger must be shared by some but little older than themselves.

Some must go out to work, boys and girls both, though boys most commonly. We find them scattered about in our workshops, mills, factories, warehouses, offices, and streets. What large troops of these working-children might be collected in London or any large city! How many boys form the Shoeblick Brigade? They kneel at the corners of the great thoroughfares, brush in hand, keenly eyeing all boots and shoes of male passers-by, and by expressive gesture, as well as by speech, try to persuade you that you are in need of their services. How many boys are employed daily in the distribution of newspapers, either by house-to-house visitation, or by offering them at the corners of the streets or on the steps of omnibuses? The quickness, energy, and perseverance of some of these lads are admirable. They spring upon the step while the 'bus goes on; you hear a sudden cry—'Sporting News, gentlemen—*Star, Standard, or Telegraph*'—rapidly uttered; you see a sharp, hard face at the doorway for half a minute, and then off they go, dropping, or rather walking steadily off backwards, and looking out for another chance.

Are there not thousands of little fellows sitting all day in gloomy places near the entrances of offices and warehouses, to answer inquiries, and carry messages to and fro? And thousands more in inner rooms, sitting on high stools at desks, toiling with the pen from nine A.M. till seven or eight P.M.? How many are running about distributing messages sent by the electric telegraph? And how many small hands, of boys and girls too, wield brooms at the crossings of our streets, and make paths for us through the impassable? In the manufacturing districts, most of all, the labour of children is in demand, and in that case it has been found needful to lay certain restraints by law upon the employment of them—the law thus violating the letter, though not the spirit, of one of its favourite maxims—*De minimis non curat Lex*. The departments of human labour are, I suppose, very few in which children do not, to a greater or lesser extent, take part.

The direct influence of children on society is a fact of great moment, and worth serious consideration. It is not capable of being measured or calculated, but may be distinctly apprehended, though perhaps only inadequately, by all who will be at the pains to reflect on it. In the private home, is not a whole new world of emotions and affections called into existence by the presence of a child? From the day when the young mother rejoices over her first-born, a new and previously unimagined life and love begin in her heart and home—a life and love which will have fresh nourishment day by day, year after year, and the results of which on personal character and destiny will be great and permanent. And the one private home, with its child or children, and its new wealth of love and feeling, is but a unit in the vast and complex whole. What is plain is, that the world of

men is so loving, and kindly, and sympathetic, as it is, to a great extent because of the children in it; that it would be a far other and harder world, if children, and all the softening and purifying influences which proceed from them, were withdrawn. Even the coarsest natures are susceptible of these influences. The dashing brigand, who has for rich prizes committed many a murder; the sullen, brutal convict in his cell, callous to all other human touches; even the wretch whose soul is cursed and dried by the money-lust—*miser* we justly name him—these are frequently found to have some lingering vestige of tenderness for children.

We guess much respecting the character of an individual from his sentiment and regard for children, so may we also respecting the character of an age. In this respect most probably, as in so many others, the ancient world stands in striking contrast with the modern, and especially with the present age. Is not our own time distinguished from all that have preceded it by the intensity of its interest in and regard for children? And is not this one of the many characteristics for the root and source of which we must go back to the Christian religion?—to the stable at Bethlehem?—to that divine yet human love which uttered itself in the now familiar words: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me?' The sentiment has its root, indeed, in our nature, and is therefore as old as man; but the stimulus to its growth and development, was it not there, in that new life which then mysteriously entered into the world?

When I think of the innumerable paintings of the *Madonna and Child*, the works of the religious artists of the middle ages, I cannot help feeling that they must have powerfully contributed to the development and spread of a new feeling, a tenderness, and even reverence for children. And although *Madonnas* are not painted now a days, nor *Nativities* and *Adorations of the Magi*, I recognise the spirit they once fostered in the new forms of art, humbler though they be. For children are favourites with artists, and furnish many of their most charming themes; and the artist's work feeds and intensifies the sentiment which dictates his choice. Do we not all look with fresh interest on children after seeing them in the paintings of Reynolds? Few themes more severely test the genius of the artist; and Sir Joshua, for his children alone, must take a very high rank indeed. They are just now fresh in our memories, as we feasted on their loveliness in that glorious gallery at the International Exhibition. Wonderful, above all, is their pure and perfect naturalness. The circumstances, too, and manner of their presentation are chosen and varied with singular felicity; they are simply children, being, doing, enjoying, like children. Who will ever forget that exquisite *Miss Boothby*? Gainsborough, too, is a master in this field—unsurpassed in its fidelity to nature is that *Girl Feeding Pigs*. Examples of more recent date will readily recur. The subject is tempting, and might hold us long; it must not: but recall to mind the children in Faed's pathetic picture, *From Dawn to Sunset*, and those in his *Sunbeam*. See how Wilkie has painted them in his *Blind Fiddler*; Mulready, in his *Toy-seller*; Cope, in his *Two Mothers*; Webster, in his *Roast Pig*; Hardy, in his *Sweep*; and, not to write a catalogue, look at that child asleep on its mother's shoulder, the flowers dropped from its opening hand, in Millais' *Order of Release*; supremely beautiful, is it not? And of his latest work, *The Ransom*, the charm and glory is that radiant child, once looked on, never to be forgotten. Could I forgive myself if I left unnoticed the Christ-child in Hunt's master-piece?

I was going to speak of Shakespeare and the poets, and how they, artists in words, have painted children; and I meant to touch on the teaching and government, the sicknesses and death of children; but I have already

gossiped long enough. One suggestion only, and that a practical and seasonable one, for fitting conclusion.

Children are counted by thousands among the sufferers in Lancashire. Hunger, nakedness, and cold are hard to bear, even with manly and womanly intelligence, courage, and resolution. To those poor young creatures who do not understand, who have not courage, who cannot resolve, but who only are hungry, half-naked, and cold, such things are death. The hourly sight of the sufferings of children is the bitterest of all woes in many of those now desolated northern homes. On our part, who see not, but only hear the tale, the apprehension of those sufferings becomes one of the most powerful incentives to patient, persevering beneficence. At such a time as this, no kindly emotion awakened for children must be allowed to die out or end in itself; every such emotion is a divine plea, to which the right response is, action—*solid help to those who are in sorest need.*

HOW LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN DRAWLINTON WAS INTRODUCED AT COURT.

AMONG other fallacies that deform the Human mind there exists this one, that the north of England is not a pleasant place in which to spend the winter. The same prejudice prevails in even a greater degree against Scotland. I have no doubt, from what I know of them, that the inhabitants of the latter country are prepared with a proper refutation of that calumny; but as for the former locality, comprehending at least those parts of the northern counties which make up the Lake district, I take its defence into my own hands. I have wintered in Cumberland myself, and found the climate Italian.

As for the views, the glories of Lake and Fell which the Cockneys come to look at in the summer-time, they are greatly enhanced by the presence of King Frost. He holds his shining court upon the mountain-sides; he sleeps in silent valleys folded in unfathomable snow; he revels on the smooth and tinkling meres, through moonlit nights; he hangs his sparkling tapestries on the pines beside the noiseless roadways, and beacons the ruddy wayfarer with sun-flame from a hundred hill-tops; he lays his imperious finger on the cataract in its leap, and bids it hang in air. The icy hills are kind to shelter us, and the soft-falling snows are but as extra blankets—double doors. The passes, it is true, are sometimes closed, and in the evening there reappears the coach, which with six steaming steeds went by at noon in hopes to make its way where General Snow has stuck up his 'No Thoroughfare.' And thereupon there is no Post next day—no bills, no notices of deaths of friends, no summonses to the county court, no challenges to mortal strife, no urgent news to ruffle our smooth lives, and (worse than all) to call us away from Cumberland. To me—a Paterfamilias—the non-arrival of the post is of course an unmitigated blessing, but even in those days when I was dangling after Laura, it was pleasant. She was safe not to get a letter from the Guardsman for that day at least. How the good squire, her father, could ever have encouraged that hateful, little, supercilious man-milliner— But there, I will say no more; the ways of papas are more intelligible to me now than at that period. He may have seen some objection to making a son-in-law of myself, his nephew, with only a hundred and fifty pounds a year from a supernumerary clerkship in the Stamp and Wafer Office, or he may have perceived some advantages in Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton, which I confess I was unable to discover. [Laura was not engaged to two people, but the man was in the Coldstreams, and had the above compound title.] He was the heir of his Uncle Snipe of List Castle, formerly tailor in Bond Street, and really a very eligible *parti*, although I was always quoting

Curled be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool,

and other depreciating lines against him out of *Locksley Hall*. I don't know a prettier poem for young people in our circumstances than that.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the coppers sing,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fulness of the Spring;
Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

The stately ships were confined to a small yacht of my uncle's and its attendant gig, and even these were in the boat-house, because the lake was frozen; but 'our spirits rushed together' all the same in spite of this slight difference of detail. If it be urged by the social moralist that they had no business to do anything of the kind, since the young lady was engaged, I reply (for self and Laura) that we were cousins, one of the most elastic and delightful of relationships; and, moreover, O Severe One! she was *not* engaged exactly. She was in a sort of matrimonial novitiate only, and not absolutely pledged to take the veil—and Drawlinton—after all. He had permission to correspond with her; he had her father's good word in his favour; and if time, &c. &c. For my part, I was not actually backing myself against time in the matter, nor would I have urged Laura to defiance of the paternal mandate, had it been absolutely issued; but if Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton had accidentally run himself through with his own sword, instead of tripping himself up with his scabbard, as was his habit when in full regimentals, I should not have formed one of the firing-party that would have honoured his interment.

It was undoubtedly Laura's society which made that winter in Cumberland so Italian; but, besides, my uncle's house was the very home of fun and high spirits. He had another daughter, who would have been charming, had she not had a sister, and there were a number of young-lady friends of theirs stopping at Mellbeck Hall, which made it paradise for as many young men who were staying there likewise. We males sometimes deserted them in the daytime to make alpine excursions, or shoot wild-duck, woodcock, and even such small deer as fieldfare; but in the evenings there was no such cruel separation, and smoking was prohibited in the billiard-room until after ten o'clock, so that the girls might partake of the dynamical amusement without being choked. Why archery and croquet should be considered more feminine occupations than Billiards, I cannot think. The last-named game is by far the most graceful, and the least fatiguing. The 'cue' in a lady's hand is like a fairy's wand; the 'rest' becomes a dumb instrument of music—breathes an eloquent silence; while the scoring-board is the theatre whereon her delightful love of cheating comes into the prettiest play. The very score itself suggests the pleasantest speeches. 'You are one to love,' are you not, Laura? Then the general opinion is correct.'

'What are you, Laura? 17? Are you sure you have made no mistake? I should have thought you were more.'

'Let me see—are you spot or plain? Not plain, that's certain; and if a blush can be called a spot— Now, it is not fair to hit my fingers, Laura, just as I'm going to make a stroke.'

I used to enjoy billiards with Cousin Laura very much. I liked it in the mornings best, when we played alone, and the other men were gone out

* Lives there a reader so benighted as not to know the game of billiards? If so, let me tell him *love is nothing at that anomalous amusement.*

shooting. 'Dear me,' said she, addressing her ball upon one occasion, 'I wish you'd "kiss."'

'My dearest Laura,' said I, 'I will do it with much pleasure; but I am astonished at your asking for it.'

We took an immense time to play a single game. There were others, however, at Mellbeck Hall whom even billiards could not content, and who clamoured for private theatricals.

'Spare my drawing-room!' ejaculated my aunt.

'Keep your tomfooleries out of the library,' stipulated my uncle, 'and you may do your worst.'

The very day after this conditional consent had been obtained, myself and Robert Shaw, barrister-at-law by profession, but amateur comic actor by practice and nature, started off to Ripton to procure the necessary 'properties.' There was a theatre at that respectable county town, but there was at present no company playing there; and therefore we were sure to be able to take our pick of the theatrical wardrobe. Mr Puff, the manager, looked radiant when we announced to him our errand; how he managed to keep himself so fat was a wonder to all who knew the circumstances of the Cumberland provincial drama; he fed on Hope, and like the classical character who had accustomed himself to poisons, it had no power to thin him, but rather the reverse. The dramatic corps which he was wont to engage were not numerically strong, however powerful in a Thespian sense, and yet 'the house' was rarely more numerous than 'the company.' Under these circumstances, the Buskin languished, the Sock dwindled, and Mr Puff was very glad to let both of them out, with as many tunics and trunk-hose, tiaras and turbans, Spanish hats and Italian mantles into the bargain, as we chose to select.

I shall never forget our visit to that uninhabited temple of Thespis; its gloom and vastness, its uncilinged heights, its fathomless and unexpected abysses, struck a mystic chill into me. Shaw, to whom scenic dust was native atmosphere, enjoyed it immensely, despising the manager's frequent injunctions to be careful of a gaping trap-door here, and there a tottering 'wing.' At last, however, Pride, personified in the young barrister, had a fall; he fell head-foremost down a perfectly perpendicular staircase, known as 'Jacob's Ladder,' and would most undoubtedly have been killed on the spot, but that the manager, who was standing at the bottom thereof, candle in hand, and expostulating on the dangers of the way, received him on the most cushiony portion of his own person. The concussion expelled all the stock of breath which Mr Puff possessed, and, as we feared, the vital spark as well; but after about five minutes, his lips began to move, and he was heard to whisper an apology for having got in the gentleman's way. This was a great relief to my legal friend (who had been wondering during the interval what sum he could set aside for the support of Mrs Puff and her seven fatherless children), and he acceded to the manager's own terms respecting the loan we required with the most unbusiness-like promptitude.

We drove back to Mellbeck with the wardrobe and weapons of fifteen centuries, and the materials for every species of dramatic entertainment. Within the week, the necessary duplicate copies of 'Lacy's Acting Edition' were placed in our eager hands, and the whole house was 'stage-struck.' Even my most respectable aunt was never so happy as when she was hearing one or other of us repeat our part, or acceding to the request of the stage-manager to come and see how things looked. Conversation ceased to be original, and became entirely composed of ridiculous and malapropos quotation. We came upon one another in secluded places, walking alone, but speaking and gesticulating as if to a very considerable audience. The parson of the parish met Shaw on the high-road, using his umbrella as a javelin, and indulging in such forcible blank verse, that he sent the doctor up to the

Hall, with lancets in his pocket, and quite prepared to sign an order for our friend's being taken care of for the remainder of his days. Laura heard me my lessons, and she repeated hers to me. When the stage direction stated, *They embrace*, I was very particular to adhere to it. Her father himself had said that unless the thing was done thoroughly, and the text most strictly followed, we should have a failure as sure as we lived. '*Beware how you anger your parent, Angelina*,' said one acting edition, and '*This is no time for false delicacy, Semima Anne*,' said another, and most appropriate observations they were. No wonder my uncle was anxious for our dramatic success, for he had asked half the county to be spectators of it. The great hall was capable of accommodating nearly three hundred persons, while the gallery that led therefrom was to be given over to the servants of the house and those of the invited guests. All was bustle and preparation, and highest expectancy; and nothing occurred to mar our mirth, save a vague threat of Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton's paying Mellbeck Hall a visit. However, he said he would write again in case he was coming; and, thank goodness, he did not write.

The 'company' were admirably drilled and perfect in all their rôles when the great day arrived. It was ushered in by one of the most terrible falls of snow that I remember to have seen; and we were in great anxiety lest the 'house' should thereby suffer in numbers. So violent was the storm, that the post did not arrive as usual; but in the afternoon, the skies relented, and a biting frost rendered the fallen snow almost as hard as the roads. Nobody stayed away who could possibly get to us, and only a few spent the night in the neighbouring passes, the coachmen being admitted into the family circle inside the vehicles, as otherwise they would have perished of cold. We, however, had only to do with those who came. The ringing of the prompter's bell, for the curtain to draw up, was a dreadful moment to those of us whose first appearance was made that night upon the Mellbeck stage. In consequence of this, a very serious mischance was nearly occurring. After having attired myself as Charles II. in the green-room, I went into the ladies' apartment (as is the custom with all masculine amateurs), to receive the final 'titivations,' to have my hat and feathers placed becomingly, and to get my moustaches accurately gummed on—for in those days young gentlemen in the Stamp and Wafer Office did not keep moustaches of their own. Laura was in a dreadful state of nervousness, within a very little, indeed, of what is called 'stage-fright,' and of course it was my duty to do all I could to encourage her. When we parted to make our separate entrances upon the stage, she scarcely knew what she was about, poor thing, and for my part I was very little better.

'Law, Miss Laura,' observed her handmaid, who was at the wing, 'how odd you do look in the moustashes!' We had unfortunately gummed them on both sides, and they had passed, unperceived by myself and my cousin, from my upper lip to hers.

Fortunately, the maid was a country girl, who had never seen a 'stage-play,' and she thought the peculiarity was intentional.

'If you don't like it, Polly,' said Laura, with admirable presence of mind, 'I will "go on" without it;' which she accordingly did; and considering the circumstances, the dear girl acquitted herself to perfection.

After the 'dress-piece,' there was a gorgeous extravaganza, which was to have been followed by a farce; but—as will presently appear—the extravaganza itself was rendered farce enough. The *Court of Queen Elizabeth* was the scene to be represented, and uncommonly well did Laura look as the maiden-monarch; Shaw was Sir Philip Sidney in complete armour, and I was the court-fool, by no means

similarly apparelled. A simple attire of red cloth in a single piece was all that Mr Puff had provided me with; it came over my head, to be sure, leaving only an opening for my face, which was surmounted by two red ears, but certainly nobody could charge me with a superfluity of costume. I crept into it through a hole in the stomach, which was afterwards laced up again; and really, in the passages of that great house, and, indeed, anywhere not in the immediate vicinity of the hall-stove, I felt rather cold. Moreover, everybody fell into fits of laughter whenever they beheld me; and although I was playing the fool, I knew this was not a tribute to my dramatic powers.

The queen was, as Chaucer expresses it, 'in her nobley'—that is to say, with all her lords and ladies in waiting around her, and it was the period for the fool and the knight to make their appearance in her court together. Sir Philip Sidney had been pinking me facetiously with his sword-point, and deriding my attempts to retort upon his mailed limbs with a bladder full of pease; but we suddenly desisted from our unequal contest upon hearing a bell ring very violently. It was not the call-boy's bell (which we were expecting), but the front-door bell, which, as we well knew, there was nobody to answer. The whole of the servants, whether native or imported, were up in the gallery, admiring my Laura. It seemed cruel to disturb them; but some belated guest was evidently clamouring for admittance, and must at anyrate be let in. He was probably impatient at being out in the snow so long, for the echoes of the great bell had scarcely ceased before its tones began again. They were loud enough; but they could not penetrate into the great hall, and make themselves heard above the dramatic dialogue, and the roars of applause which accompanied it; it was therefore necessary that we should open the front-door ourselves. We could do this without passing through the hall, which communicated with the lobby by a door of its own. I felt excessively cold as the bolts were being withdrawn by Shaw, each of which seemed to admit a current of icy air; but it did not strike me at the time that my dress was a peculiar one, and likely to excite alarm in a guest who was accustomed to the ordinary livery of footmen. A muffled figure stood at the entrance, and thrust his way impatiently in: 'What the mischief do you mean by keeping me wait!'—But the indignant tones of Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton (for he it was) were hushed as the moonlight gleamed upon the nodding plumes of the author of the *Arcadia*, and the red limbs of his companion of the cap and bells. If I may utter such a libel upon a member of the gallant Coldstreams, I will go so far as to say that he was a little intimidated, when, urged by an irresistible impulse, I hit him over the head with my bladder of pease, and Sir Philip Sidney drew his sword with a mediæval oath, and bade him 'Forward.' We opened the hall-door, and pushed Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton right on to the stage, and then held the door ajar, to see what would come of it.

Imagine a gentleman with a railway-rug in one hand, and a *Bradshaw* in the other, standing at the foot of a stately throne, surrounded by all the attributes of sovereignty; the actors as astonished as himself; the audience, imagining his appearance to form a portion of the extravaganza, applauding him with hands and feet; Queen Elizabeth in convulsions of laughter; the knight and the fool holding on to one another in such mirth as only happens to mortals once in a lifetime; Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton white with mingled passion and terror; and my dear uncle endeavouring to apologise to him at the top of his voice from one of the back-benches.

No incident that I can possibly conceive could ever surpass that appearance of Drawlinton upon the Mellbeck boards. I have told it to hundreds of

people (one of them a literary gentleman, who spoiled the story by putting it into fine English), and never without rapturous applause; but I cannot hope to reproduce that scene for others as it still abides upon my own mental retina.

The grand result of the thing to me, however, was, that Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton never got over it. Not only could Laura not set eyes upon him without laughing, but my jolly uncle was always exploding into guffaws, which he in vain assured his intended son-in-law were excited by circumstances unconnected with his introduction to the Elizabethan court. I bless that snow-storm which stopped the mails, and prevented my rival's letter from announcing his coming; I love old Cumberland for being subject to such happy mischances, and will maintain its climate to be Italian against all detractors; for, thanks to them, my cousin Laura was made nearer than cousin unto me, and dearer than life; and she stoops over my shoulder as I write these concluding lines, and repeats that delightful process which once lost me a pair of moustachios.

SEA-WEED.

If sea-weed, in whole or in part, is really nutritious as food, its importance to us deserves to be dwelt upon. How much of it there is on the coasts of any particular country, of course no one can tell. Mr Stanford, who read a valuable paper on this subject, a few months ago, before the Society of Arts, elicited a statement from Mr W. L. Scott to the effect that 'Great Britain alone, irrespective of Ireland and the Scottish isles, possesses a sea-coast line of about seven thousand miles in length, from which I have reason to believe that sea-weed could be collected to an average of three thousand tons per mile per annum.' On what evidence this stupendous estimate has been made, we cannot say; but the quantity of sea-weed must necessarily be enormous, and, like other vegetable produce, it is always growing.

There is a kind of sea-weed called *laver*, much eaten for food; or rather, the *Porphyra laciniata* and *vulgaris* constitute *laver* when stewed into a kind of sauce; in Ireland, it is called *sloke*. Sometimes these particular kinds of weed are gathered in early spring, pounded or bruised, stewed with a little water, and eaten with pepper, vinegar, and butter; sometimes they are stewed with leeks or onions; sometimes salted, preserved in jars, and stewed and eaten with lemon-juice. The appearance of *laver* is unpleasant, and deters many persons from eating it; but when this reluctance has been overcome, the *laver* is valuable, for it may be preserved for an indefinite time in jars, and might be useful for whale-crews in high latitudes, where it could be gathered and preserved. The kind called *Irish moss*, or *carrageen*, is, in its preserved state, a whitish translucent substance, obtained from the *Chondrus crispus* and *Chondrus mamillatus*. These two kinds of sea-weed, found in immense quantity on the western coast of Ireland, contain a large percentage of nutritive jelly, which can easily be separated; this constitutes the *carrageen* of the shops. It is not exactly regarded as food, but as a useful addition to the regimen of invalids; it is for this purpose boiled in water, strained, boiled again with milk, sugar, and spices, moulded into a shape like blanc-mange, and finally eaten with cream. As cattle-food, it is used as a fattening auxiliary, the jelly being combined with any other food taken by sheep, calves, and pigs. *Iceland moss* produces a jelly more suitable for the food of man even than that from *Irish moss*. *Dulse* is a name given on the Scottish coast to another kind of sea-weed used as food; the Highlanders call it *duillek*, and the Irish *dillisk*; the botanical name being *Rhodomenia palmata*. Sometimes it is washed and dried, and chewed like tobacco;

sometimes, when too tough to be thus eaten, it is fried; while at other times it is used as a thickening ingredient for soup or broth; and in the island of Skye it is esteemed as a means of inducing perspiration during some illnesses, the weed being boiled and mixed with butter.

Ceylon moss, found all over the Indian Archipelago, has become a large item of trade in the Chinese junk. This weed (*Plocaria candida*) is generally eaten raw, after some of the mucilage and moisture have been squeezed out of it, sauce or spices being used as an accompaniment; or it is macerated, dried for keeping, and then boiled for eating. The jelly from Ceylon moss is obtained by boiling in water, flavoured with spices and lemon or orange juice, sweetened with sugar or any saccharine substance, boiled again, and strained—with the addition of white of egg. One pound of prepared moss will make four gallons of good, firm, transparent jelly. Mr Simmonds (in his *Waste Substances*) says that this jelly will keep good in hot climates longer than any animal jelly; that it coagulates very rapidly and easily; that it is both delicate and nutritious; that having no taste or odour of its own, it will agreeably take any that may be imparted to it; that it is quickly soluble in the mouth, and easily digests. With milk and other ingredients, it makes an excellent blanc-mange; and, boiled in milk and sweetened, it becomes a nutritive diet for children. Dr Macgowan has collected in the east many different kinds of sea-weed which the Chinese apply to purposes of food—*Laurencia papillosa*, for making *yang-tai*, or 'ocean vegetable'; *gelidium corneum*, made into an iced jelly, and sugared, and sold in the streets in hot weather; *laminaria saccharina*, usually boiled with pork; *porphyra vulgaris*, eaten as a relish to ice; *chorda flum*, boiled with various kinds of food to form a broth; and *gracilaria crassa*, cooked with soy or vinegar. The so-called *Japanese isinglass*, often imported into this country, is the jelly from one or other of these numerous kinds of sea-weed. *Marine sugar*, a sort of manna, is obtainable from many kinds of dried sea-weed. *Sowle bread* is a Welsh name for the *ulva lactula*, fried in small flat cakes, and flavoured with vinegar or lemon-juice.

We do not suppose that Mr Thorley, in that 'food for cattle' which tempts us in all kinds of pictorial and typographical forms, has anything to do with sea-weed; but this substance unquestionably constitutes cattle-food in various parts of the world. We have said that Irish moss or carrageen is used as a fattening auxiliary for animals. In the Western Isles, and on the west coast of Ireland, horses, cattle, and sheep find a large percentage of their winter-food in the *fucus vesiculosus*. The Norwegians call it *kine-tang* or *cow-weed*, and acknowledge it as a valuable adjunct to the food for cattle and horses. The Gothlanders call it *svine-tang*; they boil it, and mix it with coarse flour as a fattening food for pigs. The *fucus serratus* is the *bred-tang* of Norway, when sprinkled with meal and given to cattle.

In medicine, sea-weed has made its value apparent in many ways. Some physicians suppose that scurvy, that terror of seamen, is due mainly to the absence of potash in the salt meat which forms so large an element in ship-provisions; and that lime-juice and lemon-juice are efficacious chiefly in virtue of the proportion of this substance which they contain. If such be the case, it is argued, then sea-weed is likely to be a wholesome accompaniment to, and corrective of, salt meat, seeing that it is generally rich in potash. The *fucus vesiculosus* yields a jelly which was recommended by Dr Russell in glandular diseases. It is important to bear in mind that iodine, now deemed so invaluable in all diseases of this class, is obtained chiefly from sea-weed. The ancients were prone to use marine plants for glandular diseases: a testimony, so far as it goes, to support the view here taken. There is an old saying in the Hebrides, that he who

eats dulse is protected from the scurvy. The villagers of Switzerland, who are afflicted with that terrible disease called goitre (glandular wens of monstrous size in the neck), are much accustomed to chew the stem of a particular kind of water-weed (sea-weed it can hardly be called, in such a region, unless brought from elsewhere), as a possible or partial preventive. Some of the North American Indians burn a particular kind of weed to ashes, and apply it to glandular swellings. The Siamese mix sea-weed with their betel for medicinal purposes. The Borneans prepare many kinds of medicines from sea-weed. The substance called *Vegetable Ethiops*, used in glandular and scrofulous diseases, is a kind of charcoal produced by burning sea-weed in close vessels; the efficacy, as in most of the other cases, being mainly due to the iodine.

Considered in reference to manufactures, kelp is undoubtedly the most important product of sea-weed. Its manufacturing history is not a little curious. Kelp is sometimes used as a name for the weed itself, but more properly it applies to a mixture of carbonate, muriate, and sulphate of soda, with iodine and extraneous matter, resulting from the burning of sea-weed. This process takes place in pits dug near the shore; the materials consumed leave a hard dark-coloured cake, which is gathered and sent to market. Many different kinds of sea-weed are available; for if they contain carbonate of soda, they are useful for the purpose in view. The weed is not burned at once; it is gathered in the summer, dried and collected like hay, and burned towards the end of the season. The preparing of kelp commenced in the Orkneys about 1720. The islanders at first feared that the smoke from the kelp-kilns would poison the fish in the sea and the corn in the fields; but when they found that this was not the case, they took kindly to the work; and the value of those estates greatly increased in which there was much sea-weed on the shore. At the beginning of the present century, this kelp was worth thirty thousand pounds a year to the islands—three thousand tons at ten pounds per ton. During the great war of the next few years, the price rose to twenty pounds per ton, and the kelp-makers were becoming prosperous. From that time, however, the trade fell off. Kelp was used chiefly to furnish carbonate of lime for soap-making, glass-making, and other manufacturing arts; but when it was found that Spanish barilla yielded this carbonate in superior quality, kelp began to be neglected. Still more serious was the result when the high duty was removed from common salt, and carbonate of soda was obtained from thence. The market-price of kelp fell step by step, until it left only a very small margin of profit beyond the working expenses. The Orkneys and the Hebrides suffered severely. Manufacturers gave up the use of kelp as soon as they could, not only because other sources became cheaper, but because the kelp was very unequal in its quality. There seems no hope that the kelp-makers will ever recover their prosperity; for the salt and brine of Cheshire are practically illimitable, and these have become the source whence our carbonate of soda is almost wholly obtained. One slight rise in kelp is due to the iodine which it contains, and which is more largely used than ever in medicine, in photography, and in many of the arts. Iodine, and also chloride of potassium (another valuable chemical substance), are separated from the kelp by a careful series of processes—comprising breaking up the kelp, steeping it in water, evaporating in an open vessel, concentrating to a certain point by boiling, separating the carbonate and other salts of soda, cooling the remaining liquor till it deposits crystals of chloride of potassium, and then extracting iodine from the residue. Although iodine is widely diffused in nature, it is obtainable more easily from kelp than from any other source. The

bardarrig or *drift-weed* of the Scottish islands is the kind which yields the best kelp; and this, by careful processes, will give ten to fifteen pounds of iodine to the ton. At present, about ten thousand tons of kelp are made per annum on the shores of the British islands, worth about four pounds per ton, the seaweed for yielding this quantity being no less than two hundred thousand tons in the wet state. Nearly the whole of this is made for the sake of the iodine, iodide of potassium, and chloride of potassium, obtainable from it. One particular firm, Messrs Paterson of Glasgow, have nearly four-fifths of the entire trade in their own hands.

But kelp, with its valuable iodides and chlorides, is by no means the only example of a useful application of sea-weed in the arts. The French government has ordered the systematic gathering of seaweed on the coasts of Brittany and Normandy, to serve as wadding for cannon; the weed is washed and dried, to prevent the absorption of damp; it becomes elastic and incombustible as a wadding, and keeps the metal of the cannon cool. In Denmark, sea-weed is used as a packing material, and for stuffing bedding and cushions. M. Lagout, a French engineer of Languedoc, recommends the employment of certain kinds of sea-weed as a lining for roofs and walls. He states that such substances are slow conductors of heat and cold; that when compressed into a compound mass, they are slow conductors of sound also; that they are almost incombustible; that even when they do burn, they only smoulder gradually; and that they do not harbour vermin. The summer temperature of the south of France being much hotter than that of England, some contrivance is necessary to make the attics, garrets, or upper *etages*, habitable; and M. Lagout thinks that this object may be attained by placing a thick layer of dry sea-weed between the roof and the ceiling of the rooms, and another between the outer and inner walls of the rooms. The Ceylon moss has long been used by the Chinese for making glue or size; and other kinds for preparing gum or varnish, useful for strengthening and varnishing paper, and glazing gauze and silk. Dr Stenhouse has shewn how sea-weed may be used for obtaining acetic acid or vinegar. The *fucus vesiculosus* is employed in the Channel Islands as a fuel for smoke-drying pork and fish. The old stems of the *laminaria digitata* are used for making knife-handles; they are cut into pieces about four inches long; the tangs of gardeners' pruning or grafting knives are thrust into them; and the weed, on contracting and hardening, firmly holds the knife—indeed, some of them become in time so very hard and shrivelled as barely to be distinguished from stag's horn. Carrageen is often employed for making bandoline or fixature for women's hair; and in Bavaria it is used instead of isinglass for clarifying beer.

Sea-weed, as may be supposed, is among the many vegetable substances which have been tried as substitutes for rags in paper-making; unquestionably, they are available for this purpose, but the paper so made has not obtained much favour with the public. As to the *Zostera marina*, the sea-weed which was to do such wonderful things for the starving operatives of Lancashire, in supplying them with an inexhaustible substitute for cotton, it was introduced with far too much flourish of trumpets; the substance must take its place among many other proposed substitutes, and must modestly wait for the approval of those who will assuredly make use of it if ever, and whenever, they find it advantageous so to do—and not till then. Some kinds of sea-weed will dissolve entirely when treated with alkalies, and then constitute a useful substitute for soap. Jelly from sea-weed is sometimes used for dressing the warp of webs in the loom, and for sizing pulp in the paper-maker's vat. If we were to enter into the usages of the less civilised nations, we should find that sea-weed is applied to a great variety

of purposes—such as the water-pitchers made by the aboriginal Tasmanians from a broad-leaved weed; the fishing-lines used on the north-west coast of America; the trumpets by some of the islanders of the Pacific; and the ropes made by the Vancouver islanders—all from sea-weed.

The use of sea-weed for manure is perhaps that for which it is best known. In the Channel Islands, *carec* or *vraic* is the principal, and often the only manure for the fields and farms. So highly is it valued, that special laws have been passed for regulating the collection and equal distribution of the seaweed thrown upon the shore. 'No sea-weed, no corn-yard,' has passed into a Jersey proverb. There are two kinds—*vraic venant*, or drift-weed, cast up by stormy seas on the shore; and *vraic scil*, or cut-weed, cut from the rocks at low water. The former is the best, being very rich in iodine and salts of potash. The cottagers living on the coast are almost wholly employed in collecting the drift-weed by means of large wooden rakes, the collecting being done in the daytime all through the year. The weed is either thickly spread upon the land, and ploughed in while fresh, or it is slowly burned as fuel, in order to obtain the ashes as manure. The cut-weed can only be cut, by law, at certain seasons of the year, usually in summer, and this is a joyous period, something like our harvest-home. It is supposed that sixty thousand loads of *vraic* are used annually as manure in Jersey and Guernsey. The poorer farmers on most coasts know the value of sea-weed as manure. On the west coast of Ireland, drift-weed is used as the only manure for the potato-crop. The Hebrides, and the Scotch western coast, use much *tangle* or sea-weed for this purpose; and in Fifeshire, sea-weed is regarded as an especially good manure for clover-land. English farmers have got into the habit of using more expensive manures; but the Isle of Thanet is said to have thriven much from the use of the humble sea-weed. From the nature of the substance, wet sea-weed is very bulky and heavy, compared with the quantity of solid available material in it; and on this account it is better fitted for a poor country, where the wages of labour are low, than for one more advanced in general wealth. In the Isle of Arran, the Duke of Hamilton assigns to each of his tenants a certain portion of the sea-shore, according to the extent of his land. Sometimes rather curious and knotty points of law have arisen, to determine to whom sea-weed belongs on our coasts. Is it the landlord, or the neighbouring farmer, or the public generally; or does it belong to the Queen, who claims everything between high-water and low-water? The learned should settle this, for the substance in dispute is of growing importance.

THE LOST BROTHER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE House of Rosenburgh had been as rich and powerful in its day as most of the baronial families of Upper Austria, but extravagance in one generation, and losses by the Seven Years' War in another, had reduced its possessions to a small estate, half farm and half forest land, and an old castle situated at the foot of the Carpathians. There the last baron had retired, after serving the empress-queen in all her wars, with much praise but little profit, and there he died, a few months before her majesty, leaving a widow, two sons, and the orphan daughter of a military friend, whom he had adopted and affianced to his eldest boy, because she was portionless and had no relations. Madame Rosenburgh was one of the best housewives in that end of Germany. Her husband had left her a faithful old steward, named Hans Muller, who had served the family for forty years, and never married, because he could not find a wife

sufficiently devoted to the Rosenburgh interest. Under their joint-management, if the family could not be made rich, they did not at least look poor. The best that could be made of old house and well-worn furniture, marshy field, and unreclaimed forest, was accomplished. Little Gertrude was kept at home, to be educated by Madame and Father Stephen, who came down from his poor mountain-convent every month to confess the family, and carry back a supply of country provisions for himself and brethren, his spiritual services being always paid in kind, for money was scarce at the foot of the Carpathians. Ulrich and Englebert were sent to the university of Vienna, the one being heir to the estate, and the other intended for the church, as the Rosenburghs had connections of influence in that quarter.

Gertrude was then in her eleventh year, a girl of small growth, but pretty and good. She had come into the family a mere infant, and Madame Rosenburgh, having no daughter of her own, took the orphan girl to her heart, and occasionally boasted that she would bring up a good wife for her son. If a thorough knowledge of pastry, pickling, and all manner of household affairs, constituted the goodness of a spouse—and it does go some way—Gertrude already promised to become the best of helpmates; but that, together with a very little reading, and some practice on the spinet, were all the accomplishments of which she or her instructors ever dreamed. Ulrich was eighteen, and Englebert two years younger. Though so near in age, there was little personal resemblance between the brothers, and still less of character. Ulrich was so strikingly handsome as to be distinguished for that fact among the fifteen hundred students of his university. Gay and ardent, witty and thoughtless, his class-fellows said he should have been born in France rather than in Austria; but the steadiest among them liked his company, and the most impertinent did not care to provoke him. Englebert, on the contrary, just escaped plainness, and was every inch an Austrian; cautious by nature, slow by habit, always likely to make a respectable, but never a brilliant figure. He was fond of distinction, wealth, and all the world's good things, if they could be had cheap, but not at all disposed to run risks or over-exert himself. Both the Rosenburghs were good sons to their widowed mother, good brothers to little Gertrude, and good young masters to all the servants and peasants; but from the baroness to the woodman, everybody loved the handsome, gay Ulrich best, and thought Providence had done quite right in making him heir to the estate. Strange as it may appear, Englebert thought so too. Ulrich's high spirit and superior energy gave him the command far more than his seniority; besides, he had a noble, generous disposition, which made him the constant friend and helper of his younger brother, and bound the latter to him by ties of pride and affection. There was not much companionship between them. Their tastes and pursuits were different, and that difference grew wider with advancing years. Ulrich preferred public amusements and gay society; Englebert liked quiet evenings, country rambles, gazing at old pictures, and attempts at drawing; yet few brothers agreed better, and none were more ready to stand by each other.

Their time at the university passed with as little adventure as that of most students in Vienna. Ulrich got into several scrapes, but they were not serious, fought two duels without any bad consequence, and came home with his brother every vacation-time to find Gertrude growing taller and prettier, the baroness prouder of her exploits in the domestic line, and the old castle duller than ever. Still there was no fretting against the family arrangement. The young heir of Rosenburgh stood quite prepared to marry his destined bride at the close of his college course. Gertrude never imagined that anything else was possible for her. Between her dutiful sons and

her notable daughter-in-law, Madame Rosenburgh was one of the best contented widows within sight of the Carpathians. There was but one difficulty in her family, and that was with the quiet, cautious Englebert, who did not like to be made a priest. The Rosenburghs belonged to the prevailing religion of Austria, and were sound Catholics. Englebert said he never would have the vocation requisite for holy orders; he could serve the church, himself, and his family much better if they would only allow him to be a painter. An artist in Vienna had told him he had talents. He shewed sketches of two broken bridges, a ruined castle, and a wind-mill, which half his class had admired, and reminded the baroness that painters sometimes lived at court, and were counted great men. Madame Rosenburgh had never heard of any nobleman's son becoming an artist; neither had Father Stephen, nor Hans Muller. So the subject remained an open question, debated in the long evenings, every vacation-time, between the above-mentioned trio and the two brothers, for Ulrich, as usual, took Englebert's part; and the latter quietly sketched away from season to season, lounged in every studio to which he could get admission, and entered cautious protests against the gown and surplice.

Thus occupied, Englebert scarcely observed, till it became the talk and wonder of his fellow-students, the unaccountable change which passed over Ulrich as their university studies drew to a close. His buoyant and boundless spirits, so long the joy of every student-company, were now checkered by fits of gloomy and absent thought. He excused himself from the merry gatherings which had been his delight, cared for neither ball nor theatre, yet often went out alone in the evening, nobody knew where. Some said it was an affair of the heart, and had all come out of a masquerade at the last carnival, where Ulrich had his fortune told by a beautiful gipsy, and they heard it whispered she was an Italian countess. Others averred he had got entangled with the Rosicrucians. That ancient order of quacks, or what you will, had waked up once more, as so many trampled-out traditions did before the first heavings of the French Revolution, and made Vienna its head-quarters, to the great scandal of the old-school nobles and the orthodox clergy. The well-meaning, but not very clear-headed monarch, Joseph II., having got rid of his mother's management, and resolved to bring in the millennium at once, patronised them in common with all people with extraordinary pretensions; and they were said to raise ghosts and foretell events with more than usual facility in the neighbourhood of the old castle. Ulrich's solitary walks were taken in that direction, but beyond this, the vigilance and curiosity of the students could make no discovery. Englebert once ventured to question him, but he shewed such unwonted anger at his interference, that the younger brother, with his accustomed preference for a quiet life, made up his mind to let the secret alone.

Both brothers took respectable degrees as Bachelors of Art, took leave of their college-friends, and were packing up clothes and books in the fast-falling twilight, to set out for Rosenburgh Castle next morning.

'We'll go home, brother,' said Ulrich, waking out of one of his absent fits—the house-porter afterwards recollected that a foreign-looking page had brought him a letter that afternoon—'we'll go home, and you will be an artist, if you like. I wish you had been born to inherit the estate, and marry Gertrude.'

'Don't you like to marry her, brother?' said Englebert, as a suspicion connected with the carnival story crossed his mind.

'I will marry her,' cried Ulrich resolutely, as if somebody had been advising him to the contrary. 'It was my father's last command; it is the wish of

my mother's heart; Gertrude is a good girl, and has no other provision.

'But don't you like Gertrude?' inquired his brother. 'Of course I do—everybody ought to like a good, pretty, industrious young woman. But, Englebert, don't look that portmanteau; I am going to the next street, to get a present of tobacco for old Hans; it will make his heart merry in the long winter evenings yonder, when there is nothing to be heard but the moan of the wind, and the hum of the spinning-wheels. I'll be back before supper.' And seizing his hat, Ulrich darted down stairs at his usual rapid pace.

Englebert lit his lamp, and read and sketched till the streets of Vienna began to grow quiet, but Ulrich did not come back. At length, he went out and inquired for him at the tobacconist's; but Ulrich had not been there. He called at the lodging of his student-friends; none of them had seen him. The night passed, the morning came, and still no appearance of Ulrich. The police were applied to, and their machinery set in motion. Every place, of good and evil fame, in the city was searched. The young baron was advertised for far and wide—the Danube itself was searched; but from the moment he left his brother and the packing up, all trace or token of Ulrich Rosenburgh was lost.

It was with a heavy and bewildered heart that Englebert went home without his brother. The unaccountable manner of Ulrich's disappearance wrought strangely on the secluded household of the castle. Neither Madame Rosenburgh nor Gertrude could believe it for some time. Ulrich was playing his friends a trick; he had gone on an excursion, and would soon come back. But when weeks and months had passed away, and still no return, no intelligence, Gertrude came down one morning and told the baroness that Ulrich was dead, for she had seen him in her dream, dressed as he used to be, but lying in a strange-looking coffin. From that time, a dreary despair fell on them; the hope and anchor of both lives was gone; and with the consciousness of her great loss, a dark suspicion of her remaining son crept into Madame Rosenburgh's mind. The removal of his elder brother must leave him heir of the inheritance. He alone had been with Ulrich when the latter so suddenly disappeared in Vienna, and his account of the circumstance was at once vague and improbable. Englebert's home was thus rendered no longer tenable for him. The strongest affections of his nature had been given to Ulrich; he missed him night and day; the uncertainty which hung over his fate made himself neither heir nor younger son—and feeling himself grievously wronged by the suspicions which his mother could not conceal, he scarcely asked her consent to go and study painting in Italy. Thus bereft of both her children, the baroness sought consolation in the observances and austerities of her church, as one on whose house a strange judgment had fallen. Gertrude followed her example; so did the elder servants. Father Stephen found it expedient to come and reside with them as a permanent director, and a monastic gloom settled on the halls of Rosenburgh.

Years passed away. The baroness grew old and infirm; Gertrude withered into German spinsterhood; Hans Muller went home to his old master; Father Stephen made his own last confession, and was succeeded in his office by a younger monk; Englebert von Rosenburgh became, not a great artist, for that was not in him, but a first-class portrait-painter, who put crowned heads and court beauties on canvas, to their own and the public's entire satisfaction. While he was growing to that height in the profession, the French Revolution had come like another deluge, changing the face of things: no pope had been left in Rome, no Doge in Venice, no lady at Loretto.

Old prisons had been opened, old palaces turned out, but the peace of Amiens had just been signed, and there was to be an everlasting settlement of

Europe. People supposed it to have already commenced at Vienna, where Francis, afterwards known as the First of Metternich's subjects, had made a new empire of his old Austria. There the rich and idle assembled out of every corner where they had taken refuge from the French and the war; and good society, with its beauty and fashion, card-tables and scandal, was fully re-established.

One of the brightest stars in that reconstructed heaven was the Countess of Falkenstein. Though no longer young, she was still beautiful, with that half-eastern beauty peculiar to the daughters of old Venice, where she was born. Tall, stately, and slender, she had a clear brown complexion; eyes at once soft and brilliant; hair in whose lustrous blackness Time had yet sown no gray; a winning smile; and a hand which might have served Hebe when presenting Jupiter his cup. The countess was accomplished as well as fair; she danced superbly, sang divinely, had talk for artists, wits, and poets. The splendour of her jewels, and the elegance of her costume, were said to be envied by ladies of the imperial family. Her charms were known to have broken the hearts of an admiring host, beginning with archbishops, and ending with barons of the Holy Roman empire; yet such was the dignity of her manner and the prudence of her deportment, that even in a city believed to be its native seat, gossip could find nothing to tell concerning the countess.

She had been twice married: first, to an Italian; and secondly, to an Austrian count. Both her husbands were old men; and in departing this life, they had both left her solid consolations. From the Italian, she inherited certain silk-growing estates in Lombardy. The Austrian had endowed her with broad lands and a baronial mansion in the county which supplied his title; and Madame Falkenstein had remained faithful to his memory, though her weeds had been cast off for almost seven summers. Regarding the lady's early history, nothing certain was known; there was a vague tradition floating through Vienna that she came of a noble but reduced Venetian family, who had placed her in a convent, by way of provision; but how she managed to get back into the world, could not be ascertained.

Nobody ever accused the countess of eccentricity. She presented a charming example of doing as Rome did, on all occasions, and was therefore esteemed a pattern of propriety; yet there were two particulars in Madame Falkenstein's conduct at which people had wondered till they got tired of that exercise, and of which explanations had been attempted by everybody but herself. First, it was said, that neither in her town-house, her country castle, nor anywhere else, would she ever remain longer than six weeks. Secondly, that wherever she went, on journey or excursion, visit or pilgrimage—and the countess being a good Catholic, took some trips of the latter kind—there went with her a huge trunk, covered with black leather, bound with iron, and never known to be opened. Servants had been bribed and lovers sworn to discover its contents; the curiosity of the *beau monde* is powerful; but the best directed efforts had been hitherto unsuccessful. The anxious circles got no further than ingenious speculations. Some said she kept her convent habiliments, together with her shroud and other instruments of penance, there; some, that it was filled with the private papers of the late Count Falkenstein, who had been an *employé* of Prince Kaunitz, in his youth; some, that the archives of her Venetian ancestors were treasured up in that trunk; and if so, they must have been heavy records, for all the porters that ever lifted it agreed on its weight being no trifle.

The trunk was an old subject, and a very unsatisfactory one; so was Madame Falkenstein's moving. From capital to capital, and from watering-place to watering-place, she generally made the tour of

fashionable Europe once a year. But something new at length began to be heard regarding the countess; shrewd people were predicting a third change of her name, and all Vienna were envying, criticising, and inquiring after the fortunate artist, whose acquaintance she had made at Florence, and who had followed in her train to the Austrian capital. Everybody knew him as the painter Von Emsgraff, whose portraits were universally admired. He was neither rich nor strikingly handsome, a man within sight of forty, said to be nobly born, but separated from his family for reasons not to be found out; and the never-ceasing wonder of all the men was, what Madame Falkenstein saw in him to charm her.

There is nothing more difficult to define than the special attractions with which Cupid tips his arrows for the fairer part of mankind. A score of deserving objects may come begging for a lady's heart, and find no charity; yet somebody not a whit better, or, it may be, much worse, calls some morning, and carries it away. There must be a luck in these things; so thought the painter, when Madame Falkenstein, after being induced by the persuasions of a good-natured cardinal to give him a sitting, became, first, his zealous patron, then his attached friend, and finally the lady of his devoirs, with whom there was every prospect of a favourable hearing. How much he had insinuated, served, and flattered, in the progress of his promotion, may be guessed only by a lady's man of first-rate practice. Others had paid as humble homage, but not to such purpose. Had his cold, cautious nature the charm of contrast for the fervid, jealous temperament which still flashed at times in her Venetian eyes? or was the secret of his success to be found in the fact, that the suitor was no captive, but a free man, and had lost neither his heart nor his head by the business? In that ancient and admirable game of love-making, there is no advantage equal to this freedom. The man who enjoys it has ten to one of the interested party; and so it was that the not very handsome, not very rich, not very talented artist, courted, followed, flattered, but did not love the beautiful, brilliant, and wealthy Countess of Falkenstein.

There was a girl who used to watch goats and knit within sight of her father's cottage beside the Upper Danube, when he was sketching there, and all the princesses he ever had the honour of painting got her portrait; but such an alliance was not to be thought of by one who could call himself Emsgraff, and had a nobler name to boast. As he grew older and wiser in the world's ways, Englebert von Rosenburgh discovered that it would never do for the heir-apparent of his ancient House to follow the profession of an artist with his name and lineage blazoned to the world. A great deal of question and remark must be the consequence, which suited neither his caution nor his pride. Among the many unemployed titles of his family was that of Emsgraff, or Lord of the Ems, from some real or imaginary conquest made on that river in the feudal times. The younger sons had been accustomed to bear it in the flourishing days of the Rosenburghs; and Englebert reclaimed their ancient honours by taking it for his name as soon as he began to paint portraits. To all intents and purposes, he was lord of the lonely castle and forest-land; might have called himself baron any day with that poor and much encumbered estate. On the mystery of his brother's disappearance, time had thrown no light. Last time he visited the baroness, now fallen into dotage, she asked when he would bring Ulrich home. Gertrude watched him wherever he went about the castle, and the old servants believed it was a troubled conscience that would not let him stay longer in its dullness and poverty. Poor as well as dull had the old home of the Rosenburghs become by the death of Hans Muller and the incapacity of the baroness. Englebert was not the man to take the management of his ancestral

estate under such circumstances. In common with many of the slow and steady order, he had a strong attachment to the finery and the pride of life. To live in one of the noble mansions of Vienna, and flourish at court as the Baron von Rosenburgh, with fortune and appendages becoming that dignity, would have suited his taste exactly. His professional gains were considerable, but he spent them, and despised the mode of their coming; and when it dawned upon him that the silk-growing lands in Lombardy, and the still more ample estates in Falkenstein, might be made his by the blessing of the church, who can wonder that he followed up his advantage with all the energy and resolution possible for such a prudent general? No day elapsed without his humble duty being done in Viennese fashion, at her toilet, in her boudoir, or beside her chariot in the Prater. No wish of hers, whether expressed or understood, was left ungratified, no command unfulfilled; but he avoided all mention of his history and family, lest some suspicion, like that which troubled his mother's peace, might enter the mind of the countess; made great but circumspect endeavours to fathom the mystery of the trunk and the travelling; and deferred the all-important question, partly to get his mind set at rest on those important subjects, and partly to throw the handkerchief with greater certainty.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH: A CONTRAST.

THE traveller who makes his first passage across the Channel from England into France, can scarcely be more struck—though in a different way—with the change in the habits and manners of the people, and in the general aspect of the country, than he who, for the first time, crosses the imaginary barrier which separates the Northern and Southern States of America—called Mason and Dixon's Line. Travelling southward from New York, he journeys through a populous country. Everywhere—even in the smallest village—appear traces of business; everybody—even to the women and children—seems to be occupied. Everywhere along the route, churches and school-houses are to be met with; railways cross and recross each other in every direction, and even the country hotels are seldom the resort of lounging idlers. There is an incessant, almost a painful activity apparent, and the stranger is often inclined to ask: 'Whence all this bustle and turmoil? What supports these innumerable towns and villages? On what do these crowds of people subsist? What does this country produce, to constitute the basis of this commercial prosperity?'

After leaving Washington, however, all is changed; between Baltimore and the former town, instead of the busy dépôts and hotels which meet the eye of the stranger at every stopping-place farther North, nothing is to be seen but an occasional paltry stage-house. There is little bustle, little of the eager panting after the almighty dollar; the piazzas of the hotels are filled with groups of idlers engaged in conversation, and though the shops in the villages are open, one feels almost unwilling to disturb the repose of the shopkeepers by applying to them to satisfy one's wants.

The atmosphere of the South begins to be breathed at Baltimore, although Washington stands as a sort of neutral ground between the legitimate South and North. Once, however, actually across the mysterious Mason and Dixon's Line, and even the Northern American feels that he is in a strange land. Everything is in repose (I write of course without reference, at present, to the civil war now waging between the two sections of the country); the habits and manners, the aspect of the people, are all different; the keen shrewdness which characterises the visages of the

Northerners, especially the New-Englanders, is no longer visible; a general habit and appearance of *insouciance* everywhere prevails. The Northern people are essentially an urban population; they crowd towards the cities, and their houses line the highways of the country. The Southerners, on the contrary, are a rural people; they not only affect the country, but they build their houses far from the highways. A stranger might travel over the public roads through many of the best and most populous districts of the South, and believe himself to be travelling in a wilderness.

There is no doubt that the present struggle, whichever way it may terminate, will in a great measure modify the manners and habits of the people of both sections; but such was the marked difference between the two peoples, when I first took up my residence in the South.

Like many others, before visiting the South, I had formed a mistaken notion of its people. From witnessing the somewhat ostentatious display of wealth, and the apparent habits of luxury manifested by that class of southern planters who were in the habit of visiting Saratoga springs, Newport, and other fashionable watering-places in the North, I had conceived an erroneous opinion regarding the wealth of the planters as a class, which a very short residence in the Southern States tended to dissipate. I found that, excepting the comparatively few of independent wealth, the planter-class are far from maintaining that luxurious style of living at home which they were accustomed to exhibit abroad. I had pictured the residence of a planter as something resembling that of an English landed proprietor, his mansion surrounded by pleasure-grounds, containing hot-houses and conservatories, and every appliance natural and artificial to please the eye and gratify the senses. On the contrary, with very few exceptions, and those among the few old families of Virginia and South Carolina, I found the 'great houses'—as the residences of the planters are frequently termed by the negroes and poor whites—to be large, rambling, and sometimes merely wooden structures, with balconies running round them; roomy enough inside, but often poorly and scantily furnished; while the pleasure-grounds, where any such existed, were overgrown with weeds and brushwood, without any regard being paid to their culture or adornment. Instead of the luxurious style of living I had anticipated, I found that the majority, even of the wealthy planters, live plainly enough at home. Salt meat constitutes the major portion of the animal food consumed during the greater portion of the year; and though there is an abundance of everything plain and simple—at least when visitors are present—and an apparently spontaneous flow of hospitality which naturally gratifies its recipients, there is little pretence to luxury beyond that which the country itself supplies; while the poorer classes of the white population exist in a condition of poverty and neglect of many even of the ordinary decencies of life, which it is painful to witness.

The Southern people do not even make the most of the gifts which nature has so profusely bestowed upon them.

Wild ducks—especially the 'canvas back'—are considered to be great delicacies in the North, and fetch a high price in the New York markets; yet they seldom appear on a Southern table, and are seldom seen in the market at Richmond, although they abound on the banks of the Virginia rivers. They are put on the table in wealthy houses, when strangers are present, but seldom at other times. In the autumn, the rice-birds frequently darken the air on Cooper River, and are killed in great abundance. Yet who ever sees a rice-bird for sale in Charleston market? The Southern rivers abound in fish, some of which are unrivalled in flavour by that of any

fresh-water fish in America, but they never find their way to Richmond or Charleston; while for the cod-fish and shad, which are frequently to be purchased at a cheap rate, the South is indebted to Northern enterprise; and if the latter fish were not plentiful in Northern waters, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia would absorb them likewise.

Very few travellers either in the Northern or Southern States are enabled to form a correct idea of the people; they generally pass through the country too rapidly, and are either fêted, until they are led to see everything *en couleur de rose*, or else they travel filled with prejudices, which compel them to behold everything with jaundiced eyes. In Europe, the class of travellers who are fitted to write books illustrative of habits and manners, are frequently long resident in the countries of which they write. To America, men of culture and leisure merely pay flying visits, while the foreign residents of the country are usually men whose time and thoughts are occupied with the details of their business and with making money.

Thus it is that there is so much discrepancy in the records of travellers through the United States. Some praise the South, and decry the North, and *vice versa*. Some assert that the slave population of the South is, as a general rule, treated with a degree of cruelty which is an outrage upon humanity; others see in the slaves a happy race of people, loving and beloved by their masters, and realising the imaginary golden days when the patriarchal system of society prevailed upon the earth. Both are right, and both are wrong. There are in the United States, as in other lands, many things to admire, and many things to condemn, and those alone who have lived for a long period in both the Northern and Southern States can form a really competent opinion of the merits and demerits of either.

As a matter of course, the war has already created a vast difference in the social life of the Southern people. Everything now is in confusion, and society in many of the cities is totally disorganised. I have written as I found the South four years ago, when I first went thither to reside. Even then, however, nearly three years before hostilities actually broke out, the growing enmity of the South towards the North was everywhere apparent. No one who has not lately resided in the South, can form any idea of the intense hatred which the Southern people bear to the Yankees; and *now*, in the South, all Northerners, to whatever section of the country they belong, are termed Yankees. I have seen little children of both sexes lifted to the knee of their gray-haired grandsire, and taught with their earliest accents to hiss hatred to the Yankees; and I have heard women of education and culture, and generally kindly and gentle feelings, use language in reference to their Northern fellow-countrymen which one would think no feminine lips could utter. I was generally resident in Richmond, Virginia, for two years before the war broke out, and although the people of the North seemed to have little idea that the 'irresistible conflict,' so long predicted, was near at hand, or was other than a cant phrase, with no real meaning, it must have been apparent to every one living in the border States, that nothing less than a total change of policy on the part of the North could avert the threatened evil; though I believe that the most ardent of Southern sympathisers had no idea that the result would be so terrible. Had they thought so, I doubt whether even they would have provoked the strife; but now that it has commenced, the feeling in the South must change miraculously if, let the consequences be what they may, they will ever again join the Union on its former construction.

Probably nowhere was the bitter feeling against the North so strong as in the cities of Charleston and Richmond. Fremont had just been defeated

when I arrived at the latter city, and it was then freely remarked, that the election of Buchanan had alone saved the country. It was well known throughout the South that the Republican party had acquired a great accession of power during the earlier period of Buchanan's occupation of the presidential chair, and it was resolved by the leaders of the Southern party that, let what might be the result, the triumph of the Republican, or, as it was termed in the South, the Ultra-abolition party, at the next election, should be the signal for a general revolt of the disaffected States. The rapid increase of the Republican party also, and perhaps, above all, the rabid articles of the Republican press, had an effect upon the South, which perhaps, had they suspected its virulence, would have arrested the pens of the writers. Secretly, the leaders of the Southern party prepared for the impending conflict. There were traitors in Buchanan's cabinet; but the old president—more weak than sinning—little suspected, I truly believe, the length to which his advisers were prepared to go. Floyd and Cobb openly professed their opposition to the course the North was taking, and Cobb resigned; but Floyd seized the opportunity of his position as Secretary-of-war to convey, secretly, large stores of ammunition to the South, and a large supply of arms to the Southern arsenals from the manufactories at Springfield and other places; besides this, he took care to despatch the greater number of the national vessels to foreign stations, so that, in the event of an outbreak, they should not be at hand to be at the service of the new government. There is no doubt that the commanders of the vessels of war—the majority of whom, with their officers, were Southerners, were not altogether ignorant of the object of Secretary Floyd, and were willing to further his plans. That many of them were so, the event proved; but the people of the North must have been sadly blinded by a false sense of security not to have taken alarm at the proceedings of the cabinet ministers.

There was a strange feeling in Richmond during the period of the election of President Lincoln. Previously, there had been much fierce discussion, and the feelings of the people were excited to their utmost tension, but on the day of the election a portentous calm prevailed throughout the city. As the election proceeded, bulletins were posted at the newspaper offices, and throughout the day crowds of people hung around the offices, greedily devouring the contents of each dispatch. But all the lively discussion of the previous days was hushed; the stores, in many instances, were closed, but the streets—though thronged with people—were unusually silent. As each report shewed a fresh triumph to the Republicans, there was no open demonstration of anger or disappointment; but the eager readers pressed each other's hands, and gazed into each other's faces, and after reading the bulletin, passed on in silence. Little groups assembled at the corners of the streets, and conversed in whispers. A solemn silence seemed to preside over the usually busy town. And even when the last bulletin proclaimed the election of Lincoln, no palpable excitement was apparent. In the evening, the streets were almost deserted. A strange quiet prevailed; but the club-houses and public-houses were crowded with people, listening, with outward calmness, but deep inward feeling, to the speeches of the orators of the different assemblies.

The North was completely deceived by this apparently calm reception of the news; but the residents of the city, and those who had closely studied the course of events, and witnessed the proceedings of the day, knew full well that this apparent calm, this solemn silence after the intense feeling of previous days, was but the lull which precedes the outburst of the tornado.

After the fall of Fort Sumter, when hostilities fairly commenced, the young men of Richmond were

as eager for the fray as those of Charleston, South Carolina, who were the first to fire upon the flag beneath whose folds their native land had for four-score years enjoyed a career of prosperity unequalled in history. At Bull's Run, or, as the Southerners term it, Manassas Plains, there were more volunteers from Richmond than from any other district or city of the South, and though the victory rested with the South, the battle cost Richmond dear. There were few families of any note who had not to mourn a friend or relative; for though the Southern loss was concealed as far as possible, in order to dishearten the North, it was very severe, far more so than was ever made public, even in Beauregard's official report. There was an attempt at illumination in the city, there were outward signs of rejoicing; but many a despairing widow, many a heart-broken mother, many a weeping sister, mourned with a sorrow which it will take years to obliterate, the results of the first battle in which the North and South were arrayed against each other in the open field.

Since then, Richmond has been the capital of the Southern confederacy; but if the South should eventually gain its independence, it is questionable whether either Richmond or Washington would remain the capitals of the two new confederacies which would then be created; it is not probable, I say, that they will continue to exist so near each other, and so near the borders of the two nations.

Richmond is the capital of the South from expediency; Washington has been the capital of the United States through an acknowledged mistake, which has frequently been regretted, but which probably would never have been rectified if the present unhappy struggle had not occurred. Now, even in case of the eventual success of the North, there are many who believe that New York, the commercial capital, would make the most desirable political capital for the country; while, in the event of a separation, either Charleston or New Orleans, or perhaps some inland city of Georgia or Alabama, will be the capital of the South, in place of Richmond, which can never become a great commercial emporium, and which is too far north for a Southern political capital.

CHEVALIERS OF INDUSTRY.

'THE most gentlemanly man I ever met in my life,' said Lord Byron, in depreciation of appearances, 'was a pickpocket.' M. Houdin, too, of whom none can say 'that he is no conjurer,' seems to award the palm for elegant demeanour and address to the fashionable cardsharper. After which two opinions, let no man boast himself of mere external advantages.

Lord Byron, however, spoke from an experience of rogues that was limited indeed compared to that of the great professor of prestidigitation. After helping to establish French supremacy in Algeria by eclipsing the miracles of the Marabouts, M. Houdin has been acting semi-officially as a detector of swindlers in France, nor can we imagine a calling more suited to his genius and antecedents; for this dexterous gentleman, who has flabbergasted us so often with his wondrous tricks, and made us almost doubt whether the repeal of the laws against witchcraft was not a little premature, seems to have mixed with very queer company from his youth up. Undeified himself, he has touched a good deal of pitch. His heart has always condemned the crime of the Cheat, but he has not, he confesses, been able to withhold his admiration from the skill with which the *coup* has been effected; and it should be the earnest hope of all of us that M. Houdin may continue honest, for he could take the teeth from the jaws of every one of us, if he pleased, and we should never know who did

it. In a recent work,* this formidable person, so fortunately a friend of Society, has laid bare the ingenious machinery by which the Chevaliers of Industry make prey of the public, but very properly without directions for use. He has put people on their guard without teaching them how to attack others; and, in particular, he has set forth before the eyes of the infatuated the utter hopelessness of their winning at a gambling-table in the long-run—the certain ruin that must sooner or later overtake all those persons whom in our continental trips to Homburg or Baden-Baden we see sitting with rouleaux of gold before them, day after day, watching a party-coloured ball roll round a table with greater interest than astronomer ever took in planet.

This class of persons have almost always some particular plan of their own, which they confidently believe must succeed at last; and even when they have lost their all by it, they imagine that all could be regained by the same method, with only this or that additional precaution. Old men and maidens, nobles and peasants—every age and degree of men and women—offer themselves up at the unhallowed altar; and Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, abase themselves in a common humiliation before this stupid superstition. Nay, even professional gamblers, who are cheats themselves, incredible as it may seem, cannot sometimes resist the fascinations of that most mercenary of sirens—the roulette-table; 'blasés' with the successes which they themselves have created, they sigh for the excitement caused by real play, in which they find retributive justice, and fortune takes a sure revenge for former deeds of wrong.† These systems, or 'martingales,' as they are technically called, upon which the players rely, are all fallacious, and oppose themselves in vain to even the recognised advantages which 'the bank' possesses; while in many cases, the bank does not confine itself to its legitimate profit, and especially is this the case in America, where the proprietors of such establishments control the vagaries of fortune after the following 'sly' and characteristic fashion. 'In the centre of the tables for play, a mechanical spring is concealed, which, by being touched, can make the ball enter the division of "pair" or "impair" at pleasure. If "pair" is the favourite, and large stakes are on it, the spring under the table is touched, and, by tightening by the hundredth part of an inch all the "pairs," the ball is forced to enter the "impairs," which are larger. Whilst this is going on, the victims are pricking their cards and reckoning their chances of winning; but what can the most learned calculator do against a push of the knee?'

Such cases as these, if even they happen in England, concern only a very bad portion of society, and whether it is cheated or not, is perhaps of no great matter; but abroad, and in the United States, this is not so. In France, in particular, if we are to believe M. Houdin, play in public—especially card-playing—is very common, and even private society is infested by very large numbers of professional sharpers—Greeks.†

These gentry sometimes exercise their calling separately, but more commonly with the help of one or two confederates; and sometimes they unite together in large numbers, so as to form a regular club, which they entice as many people to join as possible, and then divide the gains. The members of these joint-

stock companies, however, are rather suspicious of one another, and not without good reason. After an evening in which the dupes are known to have lost very heavily, there are often not so many *louis* to divide as there ought to be, whereupon a personal search is instituted. There are ways, however, of eluding even this precaution, to Greeks of genius. They stick the money under the table with pieces of wax, and collect it afterwards; or they swallow the coins, and take an emetic when they get home. The proverb of honour among thieves is indeed by no means elastic enough to include these persons; they even find a piquancy in swindling one another, which the duping of the general public cannot afford them.

Thus, an Italian acquaintance of our author's, called Candour (upon some *lucus a non lucendo* principle), informs two other Greeks, his friends, that he has picked up a provincial minor—a young man from the country, and proposes that they shall pluck him in concert. He introduces them to the destined victim under titles borrowed from the nobility, and they all four sup together at the *Maison Dorée*, and afterwards play *bouillotte*. Candour has arranged with his two friends that the provincial is to win to the extent of three thousand francs at first, after which they are to fleece him in genuine earnest. An immense pocket-book, crammed with notes, which he carelessly suffers to lie on the table, affords them hopes of the most brilliant hue. He is intoxicated with his good-fortune, and proposes higher stakes; but unfortunately, just as he does so, his nose begins to bleed profusely, and he has to leave the room apologising for the unseasonable hemorrhage, to which he is constitutionally subject. M. Candour, filled with compassionate interest, rushes after him. The two Greeks, beholding the pocket-book left behind, propose that they shall imagine they have won its contents, and be off with them at once; if they meet the owner, they have only to say that they were about to return to him his property. They accordingly settle the bill, with a handsome douceur to the waiter (for the Greeks are not illiberal). At the bottom of the staircase, the one who has the pocket-book in his possession stops short.

'I say, Patoche, a thought has just struck me. Go back and tell that waiter that we intend going to the Café Riche to continue our game. This will give us time, in case of pursuit.'

No sooner has poor Patoche departed, than his companion vanishes with the pocket-book.

After all, however, the wily Greek is deceived; the pocket-book is only filled with waste paper, and the young provincial is Greek No. 4, who has played out this little game in concert with the ingenious Candour.

Every Greek worthy of the title carries a second purse filled with false money or flash notes, to inspire confidence, as in the above case, during the absence of its proprietor.

To English ears, we repeat, these things sound monstrous, because we are fortunately a respectable nation. We have never possessed an adjutant-general whose defalcations, to the amount of many thousands, arose, as we are quietly told by the American press, from the circumstance of his having 'met in with gamblers on his road to join the army.'* It is rarely

* *The Sharper Detected and Exposed*. By Robert Houdin. Chapman and Hall.

† The application of that well-known name to Chevaliers of Industry arose thus: 'Towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV., a certain Chevalier of Greek origin, named Apollon, was admitted into the court circle, where he played with such success, and won so largely, that suspicions were aroused as to the fairness of his play. His dexterity was astonishing; but one day he was taken *flagrante delicto*, and condemned to the galleys for a period of twenty years. The circumstance made a great noise at the time, and, ever since, similar rogues have been termed "Greeks."'

* Since this paper was written, the method by which this piece of 'sharpping' was accomplished has been revealed as follows. There is nothing more ingenious in M. Houdin's book than this. 'No wonder Paymaster Cook, when he proceeded to gamble, lost the money destined for payment of the Federal soldiers. He played in a room of which the walls and ceiling were papered with paper of a star pattern; a small hole had been bored through the ceiling in the centre of a star here and there, and in the room above a person stretched on a mattress was able to look into Cook's hand, and by a telegraphic signal-machine communicating through the wall and floor, to indicate, in gentle raps on the professional gambler's boot or slipper a description of the cards

even at Bath, Cheltenham, or Leamington, that M. Houdin would have had the chance of watching such an exhibition of skill as was afforded to him at a certain subscription-ball at the *Veau qui tôte* (Sucking Calf) in Paris. He had been playing a little, and lost ten francs, which was all he could then afford to lose, for 'at twenty-five years of age,' says he, with a smile, 'one is seldom a millionaire.' He had therefore no spirits for dancing, but derived some pleasure from looking on at the card-tables and seeing others lose. In particular, he watches a game at *écarté*, where the stakes are large.

'The player behind whom I stood was most unfortunate; he had lost four games one after another.

'I began to think that I had brought my ill-luck to my neighbour. Wishing to be strictly impartial, I resolved to make him some amends, by transporting it and myself to the side of his adversary.

'The man behind whom I now placed myself was about forty years of age. He had a frank, open countenance, and boasted a huge pair of thick "blondes moustaches." He wore a blue coat, buttoned up to the throat, which gave him a military air; this, together with his *distingue* appearance, and easy, gentlemanlike manners, betokened a man accustomed to the best society.

'He was most fortunate in his play, and after each game, invariably, whilst collecting and dealing the cards, kept alluding to his wonderful luck, as if he wished to justify himself to his opponent.

'If," said he, addressing his adversary, "you had, unluckily for me, played a diamond instead of a spade, I should have been forced to take it, and you would have made the trick."

'This manner of particularising facts rather astonished me. I was at this time *au fait* at some of the tricks of the Greeks, and their way of discoursing on the game. It also struck me that I perceived him making certain passes, to which I was no stranger.

'I stood for some time looking on with the greatest attention, thinking I might be deceived in my conjectures. The game was played with the most perfect regularity; however, I allowed no movement of his to escape me.

'In the end, my minute and determined investigation met with the success it deserved; a false move which he made put me on the scent, and I now felt sure that the fortunate winner was nothing more than a Greek of the first-water.

'I confess with shame, that once in possession of the secret of these manœuvres, I took the greatest delight in seeing them executed. Under the pretext of ascertaining the truth of my suspicions, I made friends with my conscience, and indulged in a spectacle truly interesting to me. It was charming to observe my hero, with his elegant address, collecting the cards, sorting them, and selecting those which he thought would be of use to him; then classing them in the most natural manner, and at length cutting them for his own benefit, before the eyes of a whole host of spectators. Poor dupes, I pitied them. In the end, my feelings became more worthy of me, and I returned to my better self. Laying aside my admiration, I resolved to put a stop to the continued success of the elegant sharper. In consequence of this determination, I went up to one of our commissaries of police, named Brissard, who I knew was intelligent and energetic. I told him what I had seen. Brissard followed me—waited until the individual I pointed out to him rose from the table (a Greek is not imprudent enough to go on winning the whole evening), and when, after being successful eight consecutive times, he ceded his place, my friend addressed him without further circumlocution.

held by the man who was to be "fleece." The tenants of the rooms being in debt, the sheriff has had to transact business upon the premises, and in the course of his researches made this discovery.

"Sir," said he, "I am one of the police in attendance. I have not the honour of knowing you. May I ask who introduced you here?"

"Oh! certainly," replied the Greek, with great assurance, a benevolent smile playing on his features. "I was introduced by my friend M——" (at the same time mentioning a well-known name) "to one of your colleagues, who gave me a most favourable reception. However, sir, if you will come with me, we will go and find my friend, who will confirm what I have stated. Stay, I think he is on this side the room."

'Startled at the frankness of this reply, Brissard, thinking that I must have been mistaken, was on the point of apologising, but on a sign from me, he followed the Greek, who led the way, and appeared to be searching for his friend in every direction. The crowd was so great we had great difficulty in following him. All at once the blue coat disappeared, as if by enchantment. In vain did we look for him in the room. We soon found that our man, in passing near the door, had slipped out.

"I'll catch him yet," said Brissard, running towards the cloak-room; "the fugitive must be bareheaded; he has not had time to get his hat. The address of his hatter may help us."

"Madame," asked he, addressing the woman in charge of the hats and cloaks, "has a gentleman with large moustaches just been here to get his hat?"

"No, sir."

"That will do. Take great care of the last hat which is not claimed, and keep it for me."

'He then went on to the *concierge*.

'Tell me, have you just seen any one go out?"

"Yes, sir; a tall man with big moustaches."

"That's he; and he was bareheaded?"

"Yes; but after going a few steps, he pulled out an opera-hat from under his coat, and put it on his head."

"The rascal had made his arrangements beforehand," said Brissard. "We are done."

If this accomplished Greek had been subjected to a microscopical personal examination, some or all of the following peculiarities would have been detected. There would have been found—item, two compartments, termed *finettes*, in the back of the waistband of his trousers, filled with false cards, which he would substitute for those on the table whenever it was necessary: item, two others in his waistcoat, termed *costières*, under the left armpit, and used for the same purpose: item, a snuff-box, on the lid of which is a small medallion, enclosing the miniature of a lady exquisitely painted; this excites the admiration even of an adversary, who, in the pauses of the game, may take it up and shew it to his friends as a harmless gewgaw; when the play begins, however, the proprietor of this jewel requires a pinch of snuff, and thereby gives himself an opportunity of drawing the box towards him; at the same time, he presses a spring, which withdraws the portrait, and substitutes for it a convex glass, which, when he deals, being underneath the faces of the cards he gives to his adversary, exposes to him every one of them; when all is over, the medallion returns to its place, and the Greek offers a pinch of snuff to his victims. There is still another piece of jewellery; item, a ring, termed *trépan*, which is hollow, and forms a reservoir filled with very liquid ink, wherewith its proprietor can mark any card he pleases with an almost imperceptible spot before the very eyes of his adversary; for dominoes, this pen, as it may be called, is made of steel, for scratching the same felonious mark.

Card-marking is a very ingenious process, whereby the back of any card is designated by a single spot, according to its position. Even M. Houdin was once almost deceived. As for tinted cards, or cards with any pattern on their backs—such as unsuspecting folks are accustomed to use in English drawing-rooms—no Frenchman that has any pretensions to

sagacity, it seems, would dream of playing with them; but even with white cards, one is not safe in Paris. 'In the year 1849,' writes M. Houdin, 'the judge of the Criminal Court of the Seine begged me to examine a hundred and fifty packs of cards, which were supposed to have been tampered with. They were found in the possession of a man whose antecedents were far from being as pure as the colour of his cards. The cards were, in fact, all white, and had hitherto defied the most minute inspection. It was impossible for the most practised eye to discover that they had been altered or marked in any way. They seemed all of the best quality. I spent nearly a fortnight in examining—not only with my naked eye, but with a strong magnifying glass—the card-board, the shape, and the almost imperceptible shades of each of these one hundred and fifty packs of cards. I could detect nothing; and tired out, I was going to give the same opinion as the experts who had previously examined them. "There is certainly nothing wrong with these cards," exclaimed I, one evening, in a pettish tone, throwing the pack from me across the table. All at once, on the shining back of one of the cards, near one of the corners, I thought I saw a dull-looking spot, which had before escaped me. On looking close at it, it disappeared; but, strange to say, as I went far off from it, it re-appeared. "How glad I am," cried I aloud, enthusiastically. "Now I see what it is. It's all right. This, then, is the mark!" and following the rules used by sharpers, I satisfied myself that on every card there was the same spot, which, being placed in various parts, were distinctive signs of the card and the suit.'

At first sight, it would seem difficult to designate different cards by the same spot; but by dividing the card into four sections (for the suits), by eight (for the important cards), it can be very simply managed. Such precautions as these, it may be easily imagined, more than counterbalance the various 'fetiches' in which honest players sometimes put their confidence, such as 'having the hinges,' or marking with double guineas, as well as the more startling methods by which French players, it appears, endeavour to conciliate Fortune—namely, 'by wearing amulets made of the dried heart of a black hen, the head of a beetle, or a bit of the cord with which a malefactor has been hung.' Moreover, the most jealously guarded saloons, the most exclusive clubs, have been found to be no more a guarantee of fair cards than of fair-play. 'The Greek finds out the name and address of the tradesman who furnishes the playing-cards to the house or club which he is in the habit of frequenting; he then goes to the shop, and makes a few trifling purchases, just to pave his way. He does this more than once, and returns again and again. At length, one fine day, he calls at the shop to select, for a friend (he says), a dozen or half-a-dozen packs of cards, according as the shop is a large or a small one. The next morning, pretending that the cards are not of the colour required, he takes them back again. The packets being unopened, the shopkeeper has no hesitation in receiving and changing them for others. But the Greek has passed the night in opening and re-sealing the packets by a peculiar process known to sharpers. The cards have been marked by him, before returning them to the shopkeeper, who has them now in his shop. The cheat is accomplished, and the Greek is biding his time.'

Finally, even if we entertain the ridiculous supposition that keen observation and prudence will defend an honest player against a Greek, yet certainly no sagacity can do so against two of them cheating in concert. The Secret Telegraph, for instance, would ruin a human combination of Hoyle and King Solomon, without the least hope of escape. This is carried on between a player at *écarté*, or piquet, and his confederate, after the following ingenious fashion, and without the least vulgar

conventionalities of cheating, such as making signs or noises. 'If the confederate looks at, 1. His associate, he means—a king; 2. The cards of his adversary—a queen; 3. The stakes—a knave; 4. The opposite side—an ace. And at the same time that he tells the card, he also tells the colour, by the following signs: 1. The mouth slightly open—a heart; 2. The mouth shut, a diamond; 3. The upper lip slightly projecting over the under, a club; 4. The under lip projecting beyond the upper—a spade. Thus, for instance, if the Greek wishes to tell that the adversary holds the queen, the knave, and the ace of hearts, he looks successively at the cards of his adversary, at the stakes, and on the opposite side, holding his mouth slightly open the whole time.'

We will hope that this is a sort of telegraph which has no great extension and few branches in operation in this country; that our clubs are tolerably free from snuff-boxes with mirrors on them, and our drawing-rooms from guests with a superabundance of pockets. The sharper in England must mainly content himself with the skittle-alley as the arena of his triumphs. Still, there are not a few respectable members of English society, keepers not only of gigs but of pews, who, during their annual visits to the continent, are not so prudent or well-conducted as they are at home; who do not consider gambling to be vicious when it is the custom of the country which they visit. Such persons, to whom high moral arguments would be addressed in vain, cannot but have their eyes opened by the perusal of M. Houdin's little volume.

As for the Sharpers themselves, we scarcely need his testimony to be assured that, when not engaged in cheating, they pass the heyday of their lives in riot and debauchery, and die, without exception, in abject and friendless poverty.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

PLAINLY to read the written doom
Traced on the wall of that dear room,
Yet smile, to check infecting gloom.

From night to night, and day to day,
To keep determined Death at bay,
Our best, our only hope—delay.

To sink with every sinking sun,
On wearied knees, and one by one,
Apart to sob: 'Thy will be done.'

To gasp, from lips of dumb despair:
'O God! who knowest all, forbear
To mark the mockery of our prayer.'

All this was seen, and done, and prayed,
The while our hearts felt half betrayed
By Him who thus withheld His aid.

O Ruler of the passion-blast!
Pity, forgive, and bless the past,
And reunite us all at last.

The buried sun from night shall rise,
His reflex steals along the skies,
And day's full dawn behind it lies.

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